

THE WYANDOT PIONEER.

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WHOLE NO. 395.

THE CASE DECIDED.

BY MURPHY, THE MELODIST.

Three beautiful youths, Rory Murdoch, the Weaver, Pat Brannon, the Blacksmith, and Thady (The last was the darling that handled the cleaver)

With a grace and dexterity past all belief, In love had contended for O'Callaghan's daughter.

She stood in the bar of her father's, (water, And off as they swallowed their whisky and They looked up their eyes at the beautiful belle.

She loved them all three with equal affection, And 'twas quite immaterial which she should choose.

For Rory and Pat had no points of objection, And Thady no sensible girl could refuse. But the boys were impatient, and begged a decision.

She blushed like a tulip and thus she replied: 'Who best of you three shall discharge my commission, my bride, The same shall behold me on Wednesday his

'A twig of the loveliest plant in creation Let each fetch to-morrow; this task, sirs, will prove

Who has the most skill in acute observation. And this is the man I shall ardently love.' All bowed at these words, and went out of her presence.

And Rory and Pat studied hard all the night; But Thady, indulged in Barley's quintessence, Was as blue as a razor and almost as bright.

The time had arrived for the boys to assemble, And soon the judge called them up to the bar; You may guess how their hearts with emotion did tremble.

As each took his bitters and lit his cigar, First Rory addressed her: 'Adorable creature, That which is most useful is loveliest, too; And so I have fetched you a sprig of royanor; And my love, like its blossoms, shall yearly renew.'

'Very well,' said the maid, 'and good luck to Now, Pat, it's your turn.' 'Yes, my honey,' says he, 'Is there aught in creation more lovely than And I've brought you a twig of that very same tree.'

Old Rye is the plant that awakens the spirit, And makes it with ardor and energy swell; The hero and poet acknowledge its merit. And faithful affection its witness can tell.'

'Good again,' said the maid, 'that's a bit of a stumper. But, Thady, don't give up so soon in despair; 'Is it not' answered Thady—'just fill me a tumbler.

And I'll settle this matter all snug to a hair. Potatoes are good in their place, darling—really, Old Rye is still better; but nature can't show A sprig to compare with this Sprig of Shillalah As Rory and Patrick shall presently know.'

'Take this, then,' said he, 'for your usefulness Rory.' And fetched him a ewe along side of the head: And Patrick, take this, if you please, for your glory.' [dead]

'Well done, now, my darling superlative Thady! The maid thus exclaimed, as his rivals retired. 'I see that faint heart never on the fair lady, And yours is the sprig I have chiefly admired.'

THE COSSACK.

A TALE OF EASTERN EUROPE.

BY FRANCIS A. DERIVAGE.

CHAPTER I.

'I'd give The Ukraine back again, to live I'd give more—and a page. The happy page, who was the lord Of one, soft heart and his own sword. MAZITA.

COUNT WILLNITZ was striding to and fro in the old hall of his ancestral castle in the heart of Lithuania. Through the high and narrow gothic windows, the light fell dimly into the cold apartment, just glancing on the massive pillars, and bringing into faint relief the dusty banners and old trophies of arms that hung along the walls, for the wintry day was near its close. The count was a dark-browed, stern-featured man. His cold, gray eyes were sunken in their orbits, and deep lines were drawn about his mouth, as if some secret grief were gnawing at his vitals. And, indeed, good cause existed for his sorrow, for, but a few days previously, he had lost his wife. They had buried the countess at midnight, as was the custom of the family, in the old ancestral vault of the castle; vassal and serf had waved their torches over the black throat of the grave, and the wail of women had gone up through the rocky arches. Still, the count had been seen to shed no tear. An old warrior, schooled in the stern academy of military life, he had early learned to conquer his emotions; indeed, there were those who said that nature, in moulding his aristocratic form, had forgotten to provide it with a heart; and this legend found facile credence with the cowering serfs who owned his sway, and the ill-paid soldiers who followed his banner. The last male descendant of a long and noble line, he was ill able to maintain the splendor of his family name; for his dominions had been 'curtailed of their fair proportion,' and his finances were in a disordered state.

As, like Hardykanute in the old ballad, 'Stately strode he east the wa', And stately strode he west,

There entered a figure almost as grim and stern as himself. This was an old woman, who had filled the office of house-keeper, having succeeded to full sway on the death of the countess, the young daughter of the count being unable or unwilling to assume any care in the household.

'Well, dame,' said the count, pausing in his walk, and confronting the woman. 'How goes it with you? and how with Alvin? Still sorrowing over her mother's death?

'The tears of a maiden are like the dews in the morning, count,' replied the old woman. 'The first sunbeam dries them up.'

'And what ray of joy can penetrate the dismal hole?' asked the count. 'Do you remember the golden bracelet you gave your lady daughter on her wedding-day?' inquired the old woman, fixing her keen gray eye on her master's face as she spoke.

'Ay, well,' replied the count. 'Golden gifts are not so easily obtained of late, that I should forget their bestowal. But what of the bauble?' 'I saw it in the hands of the page Alexis, when he thought himself unobserved.'

'How?' cried the count, his cheek first reddening and then becoming deadly pale with anger. 'Is the blood of the gitan asserting its claim? Has he begun to pilfer? The dog shall hang from the highest battlement of the castle!'

'May it not have been a free gift, sir, count?' suggested the hideous hag. 'A free gift! what mean you? A love token? Ha! dare you insinuate? and yet her blood is—'

Hush! walls have sometimes ears,' said the old woman, looking cautiously around. 'This gipsy child you picked up in the forest is now almost a man; your daughter is a woman. The page is beautiful; they have been thrown much together. Alvin is lonely, romantic.'

'Enough, enough!' said the count, stamping his foot. 'I will watch him. If your suspicions be correct, he paused, and added between his clenched teeth, 'I shall know how to punish the daring of the dog. Away!'

The old woman hobbled away, rubbing her skinny hands together, and chuckling at the prospect of having her hatred of the young countess and the page, both of whom had excited her malevolence, speedily gratified.

Count Willnitz was on the eve of a journey to Paris with his daughter; they were to start in a day or two. This circumstance brought on the adventure we shall speedily relate.

Between Alexis, the beautiful page, whom the late countess had found and fancied among the wandering Bohemian horde, and the high-born daughter of the feudal house, an attachment had sprung up, nurtured by the isolation in which they lived, and the romantic character and youth of the parties. About to be separated from his mistress for a long time, the page had implored her to grant him an interview, and the lovers met in an apartment joining the suite of rooms appropriated to the countess, and where they were likely to be intruded upon. In the innocence of their hearts, they had not dreamed that their looks and movements had been watched, and they gave themselves up to the happiness of unrestrained converse. But at the moment when the joy of Alexis seemed purest and brightest, the gathering thundercloud was overhanging. At the moment when, sealing his pledge of eternal fidelity, and memory in absence, he tremblingly printed a first and holy kiss upon the blushing cheek of Alvin, an iron hand was laid upon his shoulder, and, torn ruthlessly from the spot, he was dashed against the wall, while a terrible voice exclaimed:

'Dog, you shall reckon with me for this!' Alvin threw herself at her father's feet. 'Pardon—pardon for Alexis, father! I alone am to blame.'

'Rise, rise!' thundered the count. 'Art thou not sufficiently humiliated? Dare to breathe a word in his favor, and it shall go hard with thy minion. Punishment thou canst not avert; say but a word and that punishment becomes death; for he is mine, soul and body, to have and to hold, to head or to hang; my vassal—my slave! What ho, there!'

As he stamped his foot, a throng of attendants poured into the room. 'Search me that fellow!' cried the count pointing with his finger to Alexis. A dozen officer's hands examined the person of Alexis; one of them, more eager than the rest, discovered a golden bracelet, and brought it to the count.

'Ha!' cried the count, as he gazed upon the trinket. 'Truly do I recognize this bauble. Speak, dog! when got'st thou this?'

Alvin was about to speak, and acknowledge that she had bestowed it, but before she could utter a syllable, the page exclaimed:

'I confess all—I stole it.' 'Enough!' cried the count. 'Daughter, retire to your apartment.'

'Father!' cried the wretched girl, wringing her hands. 'Silence, countess!' cried the count, with terrific emphasis. 'Remember that I wield the power of life and death!'

Casting one look of mute agony at the undaunted page; the hapless lady retired from the room.

'Zabitzki,' said the count, addressing the foremost of his attendants, 'take me this thieving dog into the court-yard, and lay fifty stripes upon his back. Then bear him to the dungeon, in the eastern turret that overlooks the moat, there keep him till you learn my farther pleasure.'

The page was brave as steel. His cheek did not blanch, nor did his heart quail, as he heard the dreadful sentence. His lips uttered no unmanly entreaty for forgiveness; but folding his arms, and drawing up his elegant figure to its full height, he fixed his eagle eye upon the count, with a glance full of bitter hatred and mortal de-

finance. And afterwards, when submitting to the ignominious punishment, with his flesh lacerated by the scourge, no groan escaped his lips, that might reach the listening ear of Alvin. He bore it all with Spartan firmness.

Midnight had struck, when the young countess, shrouded in a cloak, and bearing a key which she had purchased by its weight in gold, ascended to the eastern turret, resolved to liberate the prisoner. The door swung heavily back on its rusted hinges, as she cautiously entered the dungeon. Drawing back the slide from a lantern she carried in her left hand, she threw its blaze before her, calling out at the same time: 'Alexis!'

No voice responded. 'They have murdered him!' she murmured, as she rushed forward, and glanced wildly around her.

The cell was empty. She sprang to the grated window. The bars had been sawn through and wrenched apart, with the exception of one from which a dangled rope made of fragments of linen and blanket twisted together. Had Alexis escaped or perished in the attempt? The moat was deep and broad, but the page was a good swimmer and a good climber, and his heart was above all proof. There was little doubt in the mind of his mistress that fortune had favored him. Sinking on her knees, she gave utterance to a fervent thanksgiving to the Almighty power which protected the hapless boy, and then retired to her couch to weep in secret. The next day the castle rang with the escape of Alexis. Messengers were sent out in every direction, but a fall of snow in the latter part of the night prevented the possibility of tracking him, and even the dogs that the count put upon the scent were completely baffled.—The next day the count and his daughter started on their journey.

CHAPTER II.

For time at last sets all things even— And if we do but watch the hour, There never yet was human power Which could evade, if unforgiven, The patient search and vigil long Of him who treasures up a wrong. BYRON.

YEARS had passed away. The storm of war had rolled over the country, and the white eagle of Poland had ceased to wave over an independent land. Count Willnitz and his daughter had returned to the old castle; the former stern and harsh as ever; the latter completely in the power of an inexorable master. She had received no tidings of Alexis, and had given him up as lost to her forever. Her father, straitened in his circumstances, and menaced with ruin, had secured relief and safety by pledging his daughter's hand to a wealthy nobleman, Count Radetsky, who was now in the castle, awaiting the fulfilment of the bargain.

'Go, my child,' said the count, with more gentleness than he usually manifested in his manner. 'You must prepare yourself for the altar.'

'Father,' said the young girl, earnestly, 'does he know that I love him not? I have told him all, Alvin.'

'And yet he is willing to wed me!' She raised her eyes to heaven, rose, and slowly retired to her room.

Louisa, the old woman presented in the first scene of our tale decked the unfortunate girl in her bridal robes, and went with her to the chapel, where her father and Radetsky awaited her. An old priest mumbled over the ceremony, and joined the hands of the bride and bridegroom. The witnesses were few—only the vassals of the count, and no attempt at festivity preceded or followed the dismal ceremony.

Alvin retired to her chamber when it was over, promising to join her bridegroom at the table in a few moments.

The housekeeper accompanied her. 'I give you joy, Countess Radetsky,' said the old woman.

'I sorely need it,' was the bitter answer. 'I have sacrificed myself to the duty I owe my sole surviving parent.'

'The old woman rubbed her hands and chuckled, as she noted the tone of anguish these words were uttered.

'I can now speak out,' she said. 'After long silence, the seal is removed from my lips. I can now repay your childish scorn, and bitter jests, by a bitterer scorn than any you have yet dreamed of. Countess Radetsky—'

'Spare me that name,' said the countess. 'Nay, sweet, it is one you will bear through life,' said the hag, 'and you had better accustom yourself early to its sound. Know, then, my sweet lady, that the count, my master, had no claims on your obedience.'

'How?'

'He is a childless man. He found you an abandoned orphan. Struck with your beauty, he brought you to his lady, and though they loved you not, they adopted you, with a view to making your charms useful to them when you should have grown up. The count has amply paid himself to-day for all the expense and trouble you have put him to. He has sold you to an eager suitor for a good round price. Ha! ha!'

'And you knew this, and never told me!' cried the hapless girl.

'I was bound by an oath not to reveal the secret, till you were married. And I did not love you enough to perjure myself.'

'Wretch—miserable wretch!' cried Alvin. 'Alas! to what a fate have I been

doomed. Ah! why did they not let me rather perish than rear me to this doom! My heart is given to Alexis—my hand to Radetsky!'

'Go down, sweet, to your bridegroom,' said the old woman, who was totally deaf to her complaints; 'or he will seek you here.'

Alvin descended to the banquet-hall, uncertain what course to pursue. Escape appeared impossible, and what little she knew of Radetsky convinced her that he was as pitiless and base as her reputed father. She sank into a seat, pale, inanimate and despairing.

At that moment, ere any one present could say a word, a man, white with terror, rushed into the hall, and stammered out:

'My lord count!'

'What is it, fellow, speak?'

'The Cossacks!' cried the man. And his information was confirmed by a loud hurrah, or rather yell, that rose without.

'Raise the drawbridge!' cried the count. 'Curses on it,' he added, 'I had forgotten that drawbridge and portcullis; every means of defence were gone long ago.'

'The Cossacks that are in the courtyard!' cried a second servant, rushing in.

'A thousand curses on the dogs!' cried Radetsky, drawing his sword. 'Count, look to your child, I will to the court-yard with your fellows, to do what we may.'

By this time the court-yard of the castle was filled with uproar and turmoil.—The dashing of swords was mingled with pistol-shots and groans, the shouts of triumph and the shrieks of despair. Alvin, left alone by her father and Radetsky, trembled not at the prospect of approaching death; she felt only joy at her deliverance from the arms of a hated bridegroom. But when the crackling of flames was heard—when a lurid light streamed up against the window—when wreaths of smoke began to pour in from the corridors the instinct of self-preservation awakened in her breast, and almost unconsciously she shrieked aloud for help.

Her appeal was answered unexpectedly. A tall, plumed figure dashed into the room; a vigorous arm was thrown around her waist, and she was lifted from her feet. Her unknown preserver, unimpeded by her light weight, passed into the corridor with a fleet step. The grand staircase was already on fire, but drawing his furled cloak closely around her, the stranger dashed through the flames, and bore her out into the court-yard. Almost before she knew, she was sitting behind him on a fiery steed. The rider gave the animal the spur, and he dashed through the gate, followed by a hundred wild Cossacks, shouting and yelling in the frenzy of their triumph.

Gratitude for an escape from a dreadful death was now banished from Alvin's mind by the fear of a worse fate at the hands of these wild men.

'You have saved my life,' she said to her unknown companion, 'do not make that life a curse. Take pity on an unfortunate and sorely persecuted girl. I have no ransom to pay you, but free me, and you will earn my daily prayers and blessings.'

'Fear nothing,' answered a deep and manly voice. 'No harm shall befall thee; I swear it on the word of a Cossack chieftain.'

Alvin was tranquillized at once by the evident sincerity of the assurance.

'You are alone now in the world,' pursued the stranger. 'I strove to save your bridegroom, but he fell before I reached him.'

'I loved him not,' answered Alvin, coldly; 'I mourn him not.'

'You may hate me for the deed,' said the stranger, 'and I would fain escape you; but here, I avouch it in the face of Heaven: Count Willnitz fell by hand—My sabre clove him to the teeth. Years had passed, but could not forget that he once laid the bloody scourge upon my back!'

'Alexis!' cried Alvin, now recognizing her preserver.

'Yes, dear, but, unfortunate girl,' cried the Cossack leader, turning and gazing on the girl, 'I feel that thou art lost to me for ever. I have slain thy father. Love for thee should have stayed my hand, but I had sworn an oath of vengeance, and I kept my vow.'

'Alexis,' whispered Alvin, 'he was not my father. He was my bitterest enemy. Nor am I nobly born. Like you, I am an orphan.'

'Say so?' shouted the Cossack.—'Then thou art mine—mine and forever—joy of my youth—blessing of my manhood!'

'Yes, thine—thine only.'

'But bethink thee, sweetest,' said the Cossack. 'I lead a strange wild life. I will share it with thee,' said Alvin, firmly.

'My companions are rude men.'

'I shall see only thee.'

'My home is the saddle, my palace the wide steppe.'

With the Alexis, I could be happy anywhere.

'Then be it so,' said the Cossack, joyously. 'What ho! he shouted at the top of his ringing, trumpet-like voice. Comrades, behold your hetman's bride!'

From every mouth to mouth the words of the Cossack chieftain were repeated, and oft as they were uttered, wild

shouts of joy rose from the bearded warriors; for they had loved the gallant Alexis from the moment when, a way-worn, famished and bleeding fugitive, he came among them. They galloped round and round the hetman and his fair companion in dizzying circles, like the whirling leaves of autumn, firing their pistols, brandishing their lances and sabres, and making the welkin ring with their terrific shouts. Alvin clung terrified to the waist of her lover, and he finally silenced the noisy demonstrations by a wave of his hand.—Then, under his leadership, and in more regular order, the formidable band of horsemen pursued their march to the distant solitudes where happiness awaited their chieftain and his bride.

Memory while Drowning.

SINGULAR ANECDOTES.—One of the most singular features in psychology is the fact, which is perfectly notorious, that the faculty of memory acquires an activity and tenacity, in case of persons about being drowned, which it never exhibits under ordinary circumstances.—An accident occurred some weeks since, at New York, which threw a number of persons into the North river. Among others were Mr. — and his sister, the first named editor of a weekly paper in Philadelphia. There were both saved. Mr. — describes the sensation while under water, and in a drawing position, to be pleasant and peculiar. It seemed to him every event in his life crowded into his mind at once. He was sensible of what was occurring, and expected to drown, but seemed only to regret that such an interesting "item" as his sensations would make should be lost.

In noticing this statement in an exchange I am reminded of the incident, dissimilar as it is to the one just related in its general features, had the same remarkable awakening of the memory which some cases sometimes exhibit. I can vouch for the truth of what follows, as well as testify to vivid recollections in my own case, when exposed to the hazards of drowning, reproducing in a few moments the events of my entire past life.

Some years since, A held a bond against B for several hundred dollars, having some time to run. At its maturity he found that he had put it away so carefully that he was unable to find it. Every search was fruitless. He only knew that it had not been paid or traded away.—In this dilemma he called on B, related the circumstances of its disappearance, and proposed giving him a receipt as an offset, or rather an indemnifying bond against its collection if ever found.

To his great surprise, B not only refused to accept the terms of meeting the difficulty, but positively denied owing him any thing, and strongly intimated the presence of a fraudulent design on the part of A. Without legal proof, and, therefore, without redress, he had to endure both the loss of his money and the suspicion of a dishonorable intention in urging the claim. Several years passed away without any change in the nature of the case, or of its facts as above given; when, one afternoon, while bathing in the James river, A, either from inability to swim, or cramp, or some other cause, was discovered to be drowning.—He had sunk and risen several times, and was floating away under the water, when he was seized and drawn to the shore.—The usual remedies were applied to resuscitate him, and although there were signs of life, there was no appearance of consciousness. He was taken home in a state of complete exhaustion and remained so for some days.

On the first return of strength to walk he left his bed, went to his book case, took a book, opened it, and handed his long lost bond to a friend who was present. He then told him that when he was drowning, and sinking, as he supposed, to rise no more, in a moment there stood out directly before his mind, as a picture, every act of his life, from the hour of his childhood to the moment of sinking beneath the water, and among the circumstances, that of putting the bond in a book, the book itself, and the place in which he had put it in the book-case. It is needless to say that he recovered his own with usury.

There is no doubt that this remarkable quickening of memory results from the process which in such cases, is going on—what analogous to the breaking in of the light of another world, which, in so many well attested cases of death-bed scenes, enables the departed spirit, even before it has left its clay tenement, to behold and exult in the glories of a future state. Is it not a fair inference, that when the soul shakes off the clogs and incumbrances of the body, it will possess capabilities for enjoyment, of which on earth it is unsuspicious? As regards the memory, it will be observed by most persons, how readily we forget that which we do not desire to remember, and in this way we get rid of much unhappiness. Can we do this after death? This is an important, practical question.—*Cia's Advertiser.*

'You have destroyed my peace of mind, Betsy,' said a despairing lover to a truant lass.

'It can't do much harm. John, for 'twas but an amazing small piece you had, any way.'

A Home to Read About.

Way up in the "Northern Country," along where Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire and New York border on the Canada line, there is found "a people" who nothing better know or care for, than what Providence has bestowed upon them.—Thousands never travel three-score miles from where their lot is cast, and they live and die in the delusion that the world contains little worth caring for, that they have not. The Burlington Free Press publishes a letter from a gentleman who lives upon an estate in the "far down" portion of the region almost edging on the rest of creation. His description of the country is given in reply to the request of a friend in New York city, who desired the information, with a view to emigrate if it proved agreeable.

February, 20, 1852.

Dear Sir:—Yours of the 20th is received, and I hasten to give you the information desired, for the benefit of your friend as follows:

The soil when you can get at it, is composed principally of conglomerate, viz: a mixture of muck, mass, decayed fern leaves, paving stones and snow.

The face of the country; when not covered with snow, is covered with a growth of hemlock, spruce and cedar timber, except those portions which the enterprise of former years has attempted to clear—these are covered with stumps, rocks, fallen trees, and bushes and brambles.

The fruits are various, such as chokecherries, mooseberry, whortleberry, and black raspberry, the latter in great abundance and perfection.

Among the game is to be found the domestic fowl, the swallow, crow and blue jay, and in mid-summer, the night hawk and screech owl.

The animals hunted for their fur are the pool cat, the chip-munk, the stray dogs—those chiefly esteemed for their flesh are the muskrat, skunk and woodchuck.

The fishes embrace a great variety, from the tad-pole, to the bull-pout—the sucker is salted down for winter use.

The principal articles of import, are dried apples, buffalo coats, tea, tobacco, cotton cloth, molasses, bogus cigars, and spoiled oysters.

The articles of export are few, being only such things as they don't want themselves—the principal are convicts to Auburn and Sing-Sing Prisons, and emigrants to California.

The chief productions are white-headed children, which in time grow to be lumbermen, pedlars, squires, deacons, politicians and rogues.

Their means of getting a living are ingenious and varied—the most ostensible, however, is "dickering," at which they are very expert, swopping horses, trading cattle, and getting out manure, hoeing corn, acting as scare crows, and getting "down sick," eating green apples.

The range of domestic duties is confided altogether to chance and the "woman folk."

The principal business is an important interference in other people's affairs, the entire neglect of their own, exaggerating evil reports, throwing obstacles in the way of public improvements talking politics, and doing chores. The young leave the parental roof at a tender age, and commence on their own hook, peddling pop-corn, gingerbread and molasses candy.

The climate is a cross between Lapland and Siberia; not quite so cold as the one, and a great deal colder than the other, but healthy. The principal diseases, are lame stomach, delirium tremens, and "folks is sick."

The articles of luxury most esteemed, are salt codfish dried pumpkins and woolen gowns.

The articles of furniture are a cook-stove, mop-pail and wash-dish.

The farming implements consist of an axe, a saw, a log-chain, generally hooked and a jack-knife.

QUEER MARRIAGE CEREMONY.—Judge L. V. Bierce, in giving a history of Green township, Summit county, relates the following as the traditional marriage ceremony used in solemnizing the marriage of the first couple in that township:

'Your promise to take to woman you hold by to hant to pe your vife, and tat you vill stick to her through hell fire and dunder—den I bronounce you man and woman py Cot!

Rather solubrious that! Wonder what the good Justice of the Peace charged.

'A lad, a day or two since, was called to the Witness stand in the Common Pleas Court, whose tender years raised doubts of his competency as a witness by not understanding the meaning and obligation of an oath.

The first question put, was, 'Are you a son of the plaintiff?'

The little fellow crossing his legs, and putting about half a paper, of 'Lill in his mouth, with the utmost sang froid replied:—'Well, it's so reported.' He testified!

REPORT COURTESY.—Polk of Tennessee (W. H. not James K.) twitted a New England member of coming from a section of country to poor to raise anything but calves and jackasses. True, said the New Englander. We do raise calves and jackasses but we don't send them to Congress, as your State does.'

ONLY MISTAKEN.

'A man will own that he is in the wrong—a woman never; she is only mistaken.'—Punch.

Mr. Punch, did you ever see an enraged American female? She is the expressed essence of wild cats. Perhaps you didn't know it when you penned that incendiary paragraph; or, perhaps you thought that in crossing the 'big pond' salt water might neutralize it; or, perhaps you flattered yourself we should not see it, over here; but here it is, in my clutches, in good strong English; I am not even 'mistaken.'

Now, if you will bring me a live specimen of the genus home, who was never known 'to own that he was in the wrong,' I will draw in my horns and claws, and sneak ingloriously back into my American shell. But you can't do it, Mr. Punch. You never saw that curiosity, either in John Bull's skin or Brother Jonathan's.

'Tis an animal which has never yet been discovered, much less captured.

A man own he was in the wrong! I guess so! You might tear him in pieces with red-hot pincers, and he would keep on singing out 'I didn't do it; I didn't do it!'

No, Mr. Punch, a man never 'owns up' when he is in the wrong; especially if the matter in question be one which he considers of no importance; for instance, the non-delivery of a letter, which may have been entombed in his pocket for six weeks.

No, sir; he just settles himself down behind his dickey, folds his belligerent hands across his stubborn diaphragm, plants his antagonistic feet down on terra firma as if there were a stratum of loadstone beneath him, and thunders out—

'Come one, come all; this rock shall fly from its firm base, as soon as I!'

FANNY FERN.

True Flag.

Singular Wedding Party.

A correspondent of the Placer Herald is responsible for the following:

A marriage took place on the night of the 15th December, at the Nevada Hotel—a lady not unknown to the California public, to a gentleman from Kentucky, now a citizen of this State; he being the fifth upon whom she has conferred Hymenal honors, and the third whose heads are yet above the sod. By a strange concatenation of circumstances, her two last husbands, between whom and herself all marital duties had ceased to exist by the operation of the divorce law, had put up at the Nevada House on the same evening, ignorant of the fact that their former *cara sposa* had rested under the same roof with themselves, and, also, that they had both, in former years, been wedded to